

THE MISCELLANY.

VOL. I.

MONDAY, JULY 8, 1805.

NO. 5.

Classical Literature.

THE HISTORY OF RASSELAS,

PRINCE OF ABISSINIA.

CONTINUED.

The Prince meditates his Escape.

HE now found that it would be very difficult to effect that which it was very easy to suppose effected. When he looked round about him, he saw himself confined by the bars of nature which had never yet been broken, and by the gate, through which none that once had passed it were ever able to return. He was now impatient as an eagle in a grate. He passed week after week in clambering the mountains to see if there was any aperture which the bushes might conceal, but found all the summits inaccessible by their prominence. The iron gate he despaired to open; for it was not only secured with all the power of art, but was always watched by successive sentinels, and was by its position exposed to the perpetual observation of all the inhabitants.

He then examined the cavern through which the waters of the lake were discharged; and, looking down at a time when the sun shone strongly upon its mouth, he discovered it to be full of broken rocks, which, though they permitted the stream to flow through many narrow passages, would stop any body of solid bulk. He returned discouraged and dejected; but, having now known the blessing of hope, resolved never to despair.

In these fruitless searches he spent ten months. The time, however, passed cheerfully away: in the morning he rose with new hope, in the evening applauded his own diligence, and in the night slept sound after his fatigue. He met a thousand amusements which beguiled his labour, and diversified his thoughts. He discerned the various instincts of animals, and properties of plants, and found the place replete with wonders, of which he proposed to solace himself with the contemplation, if he should never be able to accomplish his flight; rejoicing that his endeavours, though yet unsuccessful, had supplied him with a source of inexhaustible inquiry.

But his original curiosity was not yet abated: he resolved to obtain some knowledge of the ways of men. His wish still continued, but his hope grew less. He ceased to survey any longer the walls of his prison, and spared to search by new toils for interstices which he knew could not be found, yet determined to keep his design always in view, and lay hold on any expedient that time should offer.

TO BE CONTINUED.

FOR THE MISCELLANY.

MR. ORAM,

THE last two numbers of your Miscellany have presented us with a review of the causes and progress of those singular and remarkable expeditions called "the Crusades to the Holy Land." If I mistake not, the sentiments of the writer, from some ideas he has expressed, and from the general style of his essay, I am led to presume, that he views those expeditions as productive of consequences highly important and beneficial to Europe. Differing entirely from this opinion, I crave your indulgence while I state my ideas on this interesting subject; while, with truth and candor, I expose those calamitous, distressful, and ruinous events which have emanated from this baneful source.

The characteristic features of the crusades were a superstitious zeal and enthusiastic fury, a savage fanaticism and a bitter spirit of intolerance; and the consequences were precisely such as might be expected from such baneful and hideous principles. The most important effects were perfectly analogous to the causes. As they were founded on the basis of cruelty and violence; as they originated in guilt and injustice; so, also, did they terminate injuriously to the felicity and welfare of human nature.

That it was extremely unjust to engage in these wars few will deny; for the eternal and immutable laws of Justice, will not sanction the invasion of the possessions and territories of others, because they are unbelievers; nor will they permit us to wage offensive war, but only that kind which is commenced for the immediate preservation of our lives, rights, or property. On the part of the crusaders, these wars were particularly improper, as being repugnant, and in direct opposition, to the mandates of that high authority which they pretended, above all others, to reverence and venerate. And, however necessary they might have deemed the recovery of the Holy Land, it could not atone for the violation of the moral precepts of the gospel. Far happier for the crusaders would it have been, if, instead of engaging in such wild and eccentric enterprises, they had contented themselves with improving, by honest means, their individual situations in life; and with endeavouring to move, with dignity and propriety, in the respective spheres which a great and indulgent Providence had assigned them. Far, far happier, for the human race in general, would it have been, if these crusaders, instead of entering on a destructive warfare; instead of endeavouring to seize on Bethlehem and Calvary, the cradle and tomb of our Saviour, had satisfied themselves with quietly imitating the benignant and divine tenour of His life, and with conforming to the mild and admirable maxims he so frequently inculcated.

Of all the calamities which nations bring upon one another, sanguine, protracted, and frequently repeated wars, are, perhaps, the most terrible and horrid. Historians have mentioned, in the most interesting manner, the many horrors of political wars, and have represented them in the most glowing and striking colours: but where can they find language strong enough to convey a just idea of these wars, carried on under the garb and pretext of religion? If the philanthropist shudder and recoil at the human blood spilt to gratify the inordinate ambition of an Alexander or a Cæsar, how will he be affected, when he calls to his recollection the crusades, instituted from the misplaced zeal of the popes, and from the superstitious ardour or contracted inclinations of such as Peter the Hermit? In vain may we search the annals of the world for a parallel to these wars. No turmoil, before or since, perhaps, ever occasioned such cruelty and violence, such rapine and plunder, such injury and oppression, such guilt and atrocious vice.

Temporary wars, in a certain state of society, when between individual nations, and when not too frequently repeated, have been thought, by several learned writers, of service; and this seems easily to be reconciled: for, as exercise fortifies and gives additional vigour to the human system, so also does occasional war tend to brace the national fibres, to give an energy to the political mind, and to correct the pernicious effects of luxury. But the crusades cannot be thought beneficial upon this principle: for those expeditions, by depopulating whole provinces, and exhausting their resources, relaxed the strength of nations.

The holy war, as it was perhaps erroneously called, was not of short duration; but continued, with little intermission, for two hundred years. Nor were a few nations alone engaged in it; but all those countries, from the bogs of Ireland and mountains of Scotland, to the very regions of Mauritania and Egypt, between the shores of the Atlantic and the banks of the Euphrates, were, for the most part, involved in it. One would think that the Roman poet alluded to this, had it not taken place long since his day, when he said,

—causa fuit consurgere in arma
Europamque, Asiamque. VIRG.

All ranks and classes of society were equally anxious to attend these expeditions. Even persons in the more peaceful paths of life, both ecclesiastics and women, who, in general, live retired from the din of arms, with an emulation that was deemed meritorious, were every where ready to follow the banners of the cross. Neither can the crusades be thought advantageous in the idea of their correcting a public effeminacy of mind and luxury of manners; for it will be readily acknowledged, that the inhabitants of the Western empire wanted, in that day, no energy of character, and stood in need of nothing to purify their luxurious habits.

It is well known, that, by the exhortations of Peter the Hermit, vast and immense bodies of people were collected together, to proceed on the first crusade. In this, and in all the subsequent ones, the motives of the crusaders would not bear the least scrutiny, or the slightest investigation. Many were prompted by the foible of avarice or by the lust of ambition; others were incited by views even more interested, and had objects more insidious and baneful. Very few, perhaps, were actuated by the pious, sincere, and conscientious, tho' mistaken, principles of their most eminent leader Godfrey de Bouillon.

If we trace the operations of this crusade, which may serve as an example for all the others, we shall find that the ruin of families and provinces attended their departure; that rapine, murder, violence, plunder and every species of uncurbed licentiousness; that famine, pestilence, and every horrible evil accompanied their march and progression; and that the final destruction of themselves and enemies was the consequence of their arrival at the Holy Land.

TO BE CONTINUED.

FOR THE MISCELLANY.

Mr. EDITOR,

THIS description of a Dashing Student is applicable only to a *few* in this College...to that chosen few, who can rise above the commonality of students, and strike out paths for themselves. In the first place, a dashing youth must be dressed in the most tippy manner imaginable. His boots must be topped, and his cravat ought to cover at least half of his chin. Then how smart he must be on all occasions! What funny expressions and phrases he must have for every subject that is started! I recollect being once in company with just such a tippy youth as I have mentioned. The subject turned on history; but it was impossible to enjoy the conversation. He fairly confounded us with the rattling of his tongue. "Pray, who made your coat? Its cut d—d badly. D—n me, I'd send it back to the fellow. But, I say, are you going to recitation?" "Yes." "I'll be d—d if I am. I missed before too. I expect the old doctor will haul me over the coals." So he ran on with the most trifling nonsensical stuff I ever heard.

But to proceed. He must not know a single word of Latin or Greek. That would be too much like a scholar: it would not suit the dignity of his character. And as to attending prayers regularly in the morning, it is entirely out of the question. Why, rising so early would absolutely kill him: his constitution is too delicate: he could not possibly bear it. It is also necessary that he should provide himself with a good stock of novels and plays. By this means he will be able to run smoothly over the surface of things. Let him be where he will, he must never reflect a moment. At recitation, nothing is more dashing, it shews a noble spirit, to peep in this book, and to be prompted behind. If he should happen to be stumped, he must look around with an

impertinent air; then he must change his features, look big, d—d big, and take his seat. Above all things, let him remember, that he who spends the most money, will have the most companions. Let the money flow from his purse, like water, in a constant stream from the spring: Let him always suppose that his purse, like *it*, will be inexhaustible. But to wind up his dashing career, commencement comes. Perhaps he is refused a degree. Poh! that's a trifle. D—n it, what does he care for a degree! But this is nothing compared to what follows. A formidable band of tailors, shoe-makers, and tavern-keepers present their accounts. His cash is gone, and he cannot stir from Princeton. But he still continues to look big, d—d big. He writes home for money. The wished-for letter arrives, probably blotted with the tears of his parents. He begins to look serious; but it is almost too late. Indolence and vice have taken a firm and lasting root; and he returns home, a fop in his manners...an infidel in his principles.

HORATIUS.

Princeton, June 26, 1805.

FOR THE MISCELLANY.

Laudas

Fortunam ac mores antiquæ plebis, et idem,
Si quis ad illa Deus subito te agat usque recuses
Aut quia non sentis, quod clamas, rectius esse.
Aut quia non firmus rectum defendis; et hæres,
Necquicquam cæno cupiens evellere plantam.

HORACE.

THIS is the picture which the Roman satirist drew, of those persons who are constantly inveighing against the manners and customs of the age in which they live; and, without altering a single feature, it may be applied to "Amicus," who so lamentably deplores the degeneracy of the nineteenth century.

Nothing is more common, and, at the same time, more absurd, than to extol the past by depressing the present. "Ah, the effeminacy of the present generation!" exclaims one who is bending beneath a weight of years. "They have lost the virtue, the activity, the vigour, and industry of their progenitors." "Mark the indecent dress of yonder female," says another. "How greatly must the standard of manners be depreciated, when such habiliments are viewed without abhorrence" Such have been the complaints of the censors of mankind in every age; such were the complaints of the poets in the Augustan age; and such were the complaints of the guardians of public morals, in that era of pure refinement which Amicus contrasts with the present unhappy period of degeneracy. Let us examine the subject of his essay, and endeavour to discover whether we have reason to start at the result of the contrast that he has drawn. Let us examine, whether we have reason to regret that "the age of chivalry is gone."

Mankind progress in manners and refinement according to the circumstances in which they are placed.

In civilized life, an agricultural people will be most simple and plain in their habits; in proportion as their intercourse with foreign

nations, either by commerce or otherwise, becomes more frequent, and the luxuries of life are introduced, their manners become more refined, or, according to the cant term, more corrupted. A commercial people are therefore most polite and elegant in their manners. The Spartans were rude and uncultivated. The Athenians more polished and civilized. Yet we do not hesitate to decide between their claims to the admiration of mankind. Athens, the seat of the muses, the nurse of dissipation and of the arts and sciences, always possesses the first rank in the opinion of all who admire learning and genius before ignorance and barbarity. If it were possible to revive the manners of the fourteenth century, is it probable that they would conduce to the happiness of the world more than those which are at present in vogue. And I will submit it to any medical gentleman, whether the dress of the ladies, at the present period, is more pernicious to health and beauty, than that of 40 years ago? Let him remember, that, in those days, the fair sex were literally locked up in a machine, called, a pair of stays.

Z.

Princeton, June 22, 1805.

Sentimental.

THE FLOWER GIRL.

"PRAY, buy a nosegay of a poor orphan!" said a female voice, in a plaintive and melodious tone, as I was passing by the corner of the Hay-market. I turned hastily, and beheld a girl of fourteen, whose drapery, though ragged, was clean, and her form such as a painter might have taken for a youthful Venus. Her neck, without covering, was of the purest white; and her features, though not regularly beautiful, were interesting, and set off by a transparent complexion; her eyes dark and intelligent, were shaded by loose ringlets of raven-black, and shed their sweetly supplicating beams through the silken shade of long lashes. On one arm hung a basket full of roses; the other was stretched towards me with a rose-bud. I drew out of my pocket some money—

"Take this, sweet innocent!" said I, putting it into her hand; "and may thy existence and thy virtue be long preserved!"

I was turning from her, when she burst into a flood of tears....Her looks touched my soul....I was melted by the artless gratitude of the poor flower-girl, and a drop of sympathy fell from my own cheek. I returned to console her, when she subjoined as follows:....

"Yours, Sir, have been the first kind words I have heard since I lost all that was dear to me on earth!"...A sob interrupted her discourse. "Oh! Sir," she continued, "I have no father, no mother, no relation! Alas! I have no friend in the world!"...She was silent for a moment before she could proceed. My only friend is God!...on him, therefore, will I rely. Oh! may I support with fortitude the miseries I am born to experience; and may that God ever protect you!"

She dropped a curtesy full of humility and native grace. I returned her benediction, and went on.

—“And can I thus leave this poor creature?” said I, as I walked pensively on: “can I leave her, for ever, without emotion? What have I done for her that can entitle me to her prayers?.....Preserved her a few days from death....that is all! And shall I quit thee, fair Flower!....to see thee no more?....to be despoiled by the rude blast of adversity!....to be cropped by some cruel spoiler!....to droop thy lovely head beneath the blight of early sorrow!.....No!....thou hast been nurtured by the sweet tears of maternal affection; thou hast once bloomed beneath the sweet sun of domestic content; and under it thou shalt bloom again!”

I returned to her, my heart beating with its newly formed purpose. The beautiful flower-girl was again before me....I took her hand....the words of triumphant virtue burst from my lips.

“Come, lovely forlorn one!....come, and add one more to the happy group who call me father! Their home shall be thine; thou shalt share their comforts; thou shalt be taught, with them, that virtue alone constitutes true happiness.”

Her eyes flashed with frantic joy; she threw herself on her knees before me, and burst into rapturous tears. I raised her in my arms; I hushed her eloquent gratitude; I led her to a home of peace and tranquillity. She loves my children; she loves their father; and the poor orphan of the Haymarket is now the wife of my son!

ON ARGUMENTATION.

IT may be thought a paradox, yet I believe it is a truth, that the application to reason by argument, is, of all other methods, the least likely to convince men of an error, and produce a change in their opinion. Arguments are opposed by a kind of instinctive impulse; and the mind necessarily fortifies itself in exerting its utmost force to resist an attack. But if you laugh at the absurdity, and treat it with an air of superiority and neglect, as the attack is not made by reason, the defence will not be attempted by sophistry: the mind will of course become willing to relinquish an opinion that exposes it to ridicule, and will then naturally consider it with impartiality: nay, it will even be induced to give that up as indefensible, which is treated as unworthy of a serious confutation.

ON LITERARY DISPUTES.

I SCARCE know any thing so ridiculous as a literary dispute: each party is perfectly convinced that he is in the right, and attacks the other with arguments which seem unanswerable and irresistible to himself, but for the same reason have no effect upon his antagonist; for both are so far from weighing the allegations that make against themselves, that they do not attend enough to them to know their purport: thus each combatant attacks the very place that is covered by prejudice with impenetrable armour, and is therefore invulnerable: each wearies himself with striking, and each is astonished that his blows are not felt. “The blockhead,” says he, is as insensible as a stone: you may as well beat a stockfish, or make passes against a brick wall.”

THE PASSIONS.

ANGER inflames the blood, is a temporary deprivation of reason, and involves those who rather indulge than endeavour to conquer their resentments, in perpetual quarrels and contentions. *Envy* is a worm which corrodes the breast, and makes those who cherish it, miserable, because others are happy. *Pride* meets with daily mortifications, which more than counterbalance the splendor of rank, or gifts of fortune. *Vanity*, or an extravagant desire of admiration, is oftentimes fatal to virtue, and at last terminates in contempt. *Avarice*, or an inordinate desire of wealth, destroys the finer feelings of humanity, and makes riches a curse instead of a blessing. The covetous neither enjoy the good things of life themselves, nor communicate a portion of them to others in distress: the relief of which, to a generous mind, would be more gratifying than the contemplation of hoarded gold. *Dissimulation* is not only odious in itself, but frequently destructive in its consequences. The artless and undesigning, who act from strict principles of integrity, never suspect the honor and veracity of another, they both see and feel for the misfortunes of others, and from their own experience, that promises are frequently made only to deceive and betray. They become the dupes of treachery, because they expected truth, where they met with falsehood; and and placed confidence where they should have harboured distrust. *Pleasure* is a bewitching syren, which flatters its votaries with unbounded delights, invites them to taste of the forbidden fruit, and at last plunges them into guilt and misery.

TRENTON, JULY 8, 1805.

COLUMBIAN INDEPENDENCE.

THE 4th of July was kept here, and particularly in the neighbouring towns, with the usual demonstrations of joy.

INTELLIGENCE.

Captain Knight, of the ship *Mary*, arrived at New-York, on the 4th inst. in 12 days from Antigua, informs, that the combined French and Spanish fleets, of 20 sail of the line, 9 frigates, and 3 corvettes, passed that island on the 9th of June, and were followed by a British fleet of 12 sail of the line and 4 frigates, under Lord Nelson, who passed Antigua on the 14th. On the 10th, the combined squadron captured 16 sail of British merchantmen, on their passage from Antigua homeward, under convoy of the Ratler sloop of war; the sloop escaped into Antigua.

[*Mercantile Advertiser*, June 6.]

On the 29th ult. arrived at Providence, the ship *Hazard*, Captain Rowan, from Canton. On the 19th or 20th of June, 2 degrees to the southward of Bermuda, fell in with the Toulon fleet of 11 sail of the line, last from Guadaloupe, from whence they had sailed in company with the Cadiz fleet, which had parted and proceeded to the Havanna. The Toulon fleet was steering N. E. Capt. Rowan was in company some time.

The French fleet was more than 10 degrees to the northward of the northernmost West India Islands, steering from them towards Europe.

Bonaparte is stated to have communicated to the Court of Berlin the terms on which he is willing to form the basis of negotiation. They consist of four articles—

1st. The full recognition of his titles of Emperor of the French and King of Italy.

2d. The solemn guarantee of Great Britain and Russia to maintain himself and his family in the hereditary possession of his dignities and dominions.

3d. The unequivocal resignation, on the part of the Princes of the House of Bourbon, of all rights and claims to the sovereignty of France—And

4th. He engages in return to leave Malta in the possession of England—and to cede to the Emperor Alexander and his heirs the sovereignty of the Republic of the Seven Islands.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A letter from Princeton (College), with the signature of *Kroenzer*, is received, abounding with the lowest and most unqualified abuse, not only on the Editor of this paper, but on several of the most respectable characters in this place, with some reflections on the literature of this state—and all this for no other reason but our refusal to publish his miserable production, as set forth in our last “to Correspondents,” by way of answer to “*Julian*.”—Another letter from an “*Ass*,” is received; which needs only to be seen to justify our opinion of his insignificance. Not wishing any correspondence or dealings with such characters, we request they may erase their names from our subscription list, that their letters and communications may be published, either in the form of pamphlet or ballad, and the public made acquainted with the importance and astonishing talents of these “enlightened youths.” It is with regret we are thus compelled to notice these scribblers, but justice to ourselves, our friends, and the state we live in, impel us to the measure. From the “threshold of a prison” good Lord deliver us, and all men; and we sincerely hope these young men may never be in want of that support which they vainly imagined the Editor stands in need of, and which, amidst the overflowing of their liberality, they seem so ready to withdraw. The plan and conditions of this paper having been already published, it might seem superfluous to repeat them; suffice it to say that we will gladly receive suitable pieces, (*post paid*), and give them insertion as far as our limits will permit; reserving, however, to ourselves the acknowledged right of judging of their merits or their tendency; neither can we, with any degree of propriety, publish any piece or essay, in any other than the language of the country. On this account, “*Juvenis*” must excuse us from giving a place to his *Latin* essay. A communication, with external evidence of the same author, directed to us, is now at the post-office, under double postage, and will shortly take a trip to the seat of the general government, as it will not be taken up here.

“*Aulus*, No. 2,” is not received.—In the hurry of business we omitted mentioning last week the liberty we had taken in substituting a word for one that was unavoidably torn out in breaking open the seal of this author’s communication.

MARRIED,

At East-Hartford, Mr. THADDEUS GALE, aged 43, to Miss HARRIET BATES, aged 11 years. In this city, at Friends’ Meeting-House, on Thursday last, Mr. BENJAMIN FARQUHAR, to Miss ELIZABETH WRIGHT.

Seat of the Muses.

MY NOISELESS HOURS I GIVE,
BLEST POETRY, TO THEE!

THE TEMPEST.

ALL bloody sank the evening sun,
And red the wild wave gleam'd
And loud, and bellowing o'er the deep,
The angry tempest scream'd.

When Mary, weeping, kiss'd her babes,
And laid them down to rest,
As slow the sad thought pal'd her cheek,
And chill'd her heaving breast.

"Blow, blow," she cried, "thou wintry wind!"
Then cast her streaming eyes,
Where foaming on the rocky cliff,
The bursting breaker dies:

"Ah me! to Mary's harass'd heart,
How welcome yon rude tone,
That swells on Sorrow's sadd'ning ear,
And wailing seems to moan.

"Tho' many a day be past and gone,
Tho' many a month be fled,
Since Henry left his tender wife,
And shar'd her faithful bed.

"I've seen his form, when still at eve,
The moon on ocean slept,
I've heard his voice when o'er the rock,
The dying breeze hath crept."

She scarce had said, when from the deep,
Slow peal'd the sullen swell,
Dark grew the heav'n's, and dark the wave,
And fast the chill rain fell.

Then Mary thought on Henry dear,
And breath'd the tender sigh,
When, wild as screams th' untimely ghost,
Was heard the seaman's cry.

She left her cot, and toward the cliff,
Where plain'd the dismal sound,
She flew, on hapless Henry call'd,
And wav'd her hand around.

That moment rush'd the billowy surge,
And o'er the rough rock roll'd,
And far through ocean's viewless depths,
The knell of Mary toll'd.

Her children slept till morning's dawn,
Then kiss'd each other's cheek,
As pouring o'er their guileless heads,
They heard the tempest break.

They wept, they call'd for Mary dear,
Her soft embrace delay'd,
Then turn'd their dewy eyes to heav'n,
And clasp'd their hands and pray'd.

The wild winds ceas'd, the sun beam'd forth,
Red shone the tinted ray,
The children rose; and Edward smil'd
His Charlotte's griefs away.

They went to seek their lost Mamma,
They reach'd the craggy shore,
When, lo! to land poor Mary's corse,
The tide deep-heaving bore.

When nought she answer'd, their fond hearts
Did almost burst with grief:
"And won't Mamma then speak to us,
"And won't she bring relief?"

They kiss'd her pale lips, kiss'd her hands,
And laid down by her side;
Their cheeks to her cold cheek they plac'd,
And, weeping still, they dy'd.

CITY COURTSHIP.

WHEN a shepherd feels a passion
For a young and wealthy lass,
Gentle muse, record the fashion
Of the tender scenes that pass.

First Philander in a phrensy
Sees the idol of his soul;
Whilst with Cupid's influenza
See his flashing eye-balls roll!

He with humble gestures greets her,
Tells the sorrows of his heart;
And that ev'ry time he meets her,
'Tis a thousand deaths to part.

She is ready with her answer,
(Maiden prudence shows the way),
"Tho' I can't, my father can, sir,
Listen to each word you say."

"Can your Father, lovely Fanny,
Know the passion which I feel?
See the merit, if I've any?
Ah! to whom do I appeal?"

"My papa, in trade's keen spirit,
No man can outwit on earth;
If he can't discern your merit,
He can see what you are worth."

Morality.

EXTRACT.

RELIGION is rather a matter of sentiment than reasoning. The important and interesting articles of faith are sufficiently plain. Fix your attention on these, and do not meddle with controversy. If you get into that, you plunge into a chaos, from which you will never be able to extricate yourself. It spoils the temper, and, I suspect, has no good effect upon the heart.

Avoid all books, and all conversation that tends to shake your faith on those great points of religion, which should serve to regulate your conduct, and on which your hopes of future and eternal happiness depend.

Never indulge yourself in ridicule on religious subjects; nor give countenance to it in others, by seeming diverted by what they say. This, to people of good breeding, will be a sufficient check.

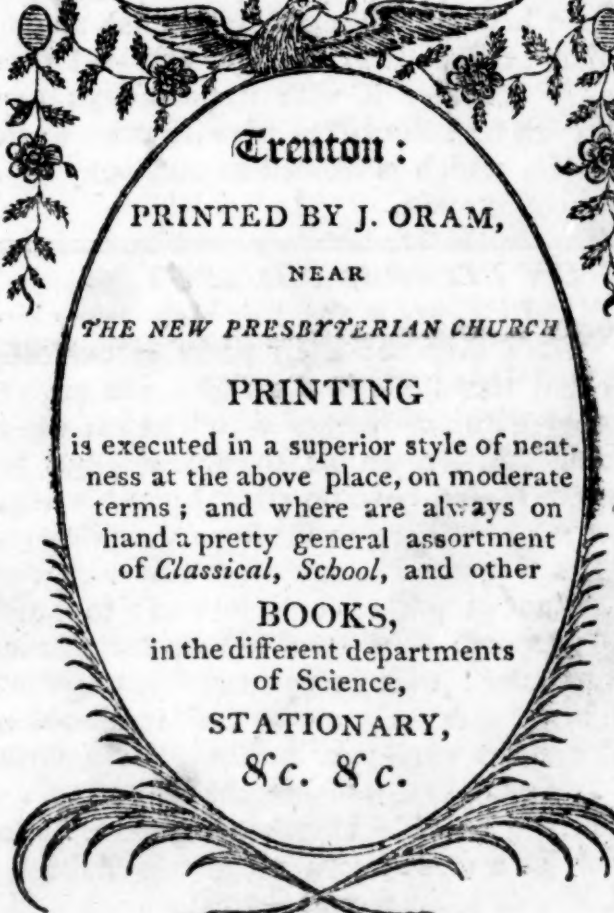
Anecdote.

A YOUNG Parisian, travelling to Amsterdam, was attracted by the remarkable beauty of a house near the canal. He addressed a Dutchman, in French, who stood near him in the vessel, with "Pray, sir, may I ask who that house belongs to?" The Hollander answered him in his own language, "Ik kan niet verstaan"... "I do not understand you." The Parisian, not doubting but what he was understood, took the Dutchman's answer for the name of the proprietor. "Oh! Oh!" said he, "it belongs to Mr. Kanniferstan, well, I am sure he must be very agreeably situated; the house is most charming, and the gardens appear delicious. I don't know that I ever saw a better. A friend of mine has one much like it, near the river Loire, but I certainly give this the preference." He added many other observations of the same kind, to which the

Dutchman made no reply. When he arrived at Amsterdam, he saw a most beautiful woman on the way, walking arm in arm with a gentleman, he asked a person who passed him, who that charming lady was: but the man not understanding French, replied, "Ik kan niet verstaan." What! sir," replied our traveller, "is that Mr. Kanniferstan's wife, whose house is near the canal? Indeed, this gentleman's lot is enviable, to possess so noble a house, and so lovely a companion." The next day when he was walking out, he saw trumpeters playing at a gentleman's door who had got the largest prize in the Dutch lottery. Our Parisian, wishing to be informed of the gentleman's name, he was still answered, "Ik kan niet verstaan."—"Oh!" said he, "this is too great an accession of fortune! Mr. Kanniferstan proprietor of such a fine house, husband to such a beautiful woman, and to get the largest prize in the lottery! It must be allowed that there are some fortunate men in the world. About a week after this, our traveller walking about, saw a very superb burying, he asked whose it was? "Ik kan neit verstaan," replied the person of whom he enquired. "Oh, my God!" exclaimed he, "poor Kaniferstan, who had such a noble house, such an angelic wife, and the largest prize in the lottery! he must have quitted this world with great regret, but I thought his happiness was too complete to be of long duration." He then went home, reflecting all the way on the instability of human affairs.

The Miscellany.

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of Science,
STATIONARY,
&c. &c.